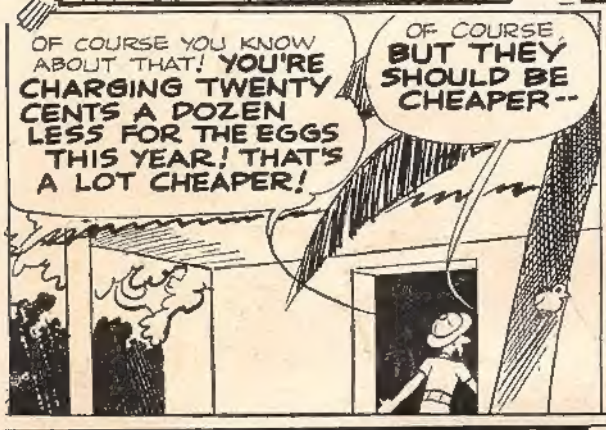
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE
TV'S KING OF JUNGLE ADVENTURE
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
No 4
Ramar
of the jungle
10¢
starring JON HALL
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
DANGER! SUSPENSE! ACTION!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

TRADER TOM

"HARD BOILED EGG!"

WELL, WELL! THIS TIME LAST YEAR YOU WERE CHARGING EIGHTY CENTS A DOZEN! NOW THE EGGS ARE ONLY SIXTY CENTS A DOZEN!
EGGS 60¢ DOZEN


OF COURSE YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT! YOU'RE CHARGING TWENTY CENTS A DOZEN LESS FOR THE EGGS THIS YEAR! THAT'S A LOT CHEAPER!
OF COURSE BUT THEY SHOULD BE CHEAPER--

QUIZ

SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT- EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT- GOOD, 3 CORRECT- GOOD, 2 CORRECT- FAIR, 1 CORRECT- POOR.

1. WOODROW WILSON WAS THE 28TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

2. THE U.S. NOW PRINTS FOUR TYPES OF PAPER CURRENCY.

3. ON SHIP, THE GALLEY IS THE KITCHEN.

4. VIRGINIA ADOPTED A STATE CONSTITUTION IN 1776.

5. LAFAYETTE WAS MADE A MAJOR GENERAL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY ON JULY 31, 1777.

ANSWERS

1. TRUE. 2. FALSE. THREE TYPES: FEDERAL RESERVE NOTES, UNITED STATES NOTES AND SILVER CERTIFICATES. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE Volume 1, Number 4 April, 1956
Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Copyright 1956 by Charlton Comics Group. Al Fago, Executive Editor. (Printed in U.S.A.)

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE in GUERILLA CHIEF

TO THE MBOLA TRIBE IN THE UPPER CONGO, THE DAILY DANGERS THAT SURROUNDED THEM WERE NOTHING -- THEN WROSTEK, THE FUGITIVE WAR CRIMINAL AND HIS CREW MOVED IN -- BRINGING MODERN WEAPONS AND RUTHLESS VICIOUSNESS TO THE NATIVES AS THEY ATTEMPTED TO DRIVE THEM FROM THEIR HOMES! ONLY ONE MAN COULD STOP THEM -- RAMAR THE WHITE WITCH DOCTOR!
WIPE 'EM OUT! ONCE WE TAKE OVER THE UPPER CONGO, WE'LL ALL BE RICH!
WHITE DEVILS HAVE GUNS THAT TALK MANY TIMES!
GET BEHIND TREES! TAKE COVER!
S-52-1

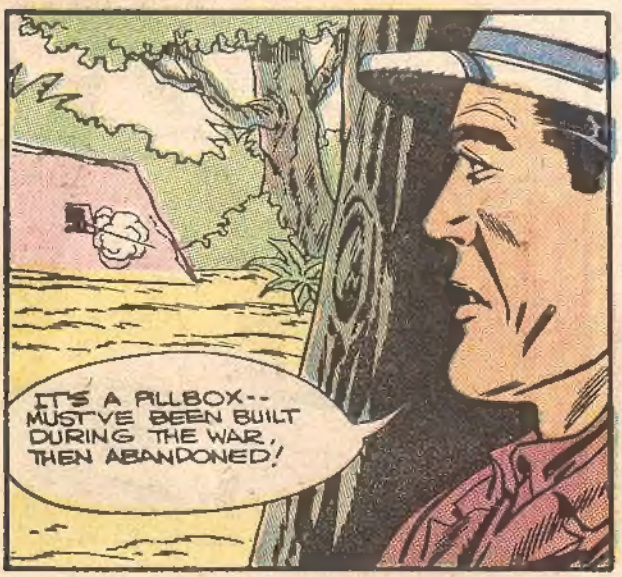
DR. REYNOLDS HAD MADE FRIENDS OF THE MBOLA TRIBE... AND HE FELT SAFE AS HE MADE HIS MEDICAL ROUNDS IN THE JUNGLE... BUT THEN HE RAN INTO A TRAP BAITED FOR ANOTHER MAN!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

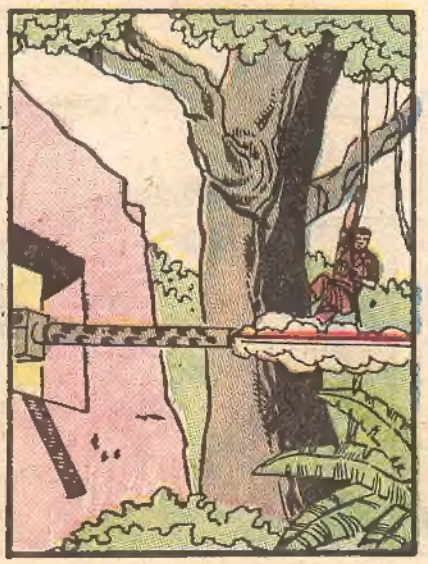
WE KNOW WHITE MEN BURN OUR VILLAGE!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE YOUR VILLAGE IS! I'M DR. REYNOLD'S -- YOUR PEOPLE CALL ME RAMAR!
HE IS RIGHT-- THE WHITE WITCH DOCTOR HAS HELPED OUR TRIBE!
WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME? WHO ARE THE WHITE MEN YOU FEAR?
THEY CAME IN THE EARLY RAINS AT FIRST THEY WERE PEACEFUL-- THEN THEY TOLD US WE MUST LEAVE OUR HOMES!
THEY CAN'T DO THAT! WHY DIDN'T YOU REPORT THEM TO THE COMMISSIONER DOWN RIVER?
THEY WEAR SOLDIER'S UNIFORMS! THEY SAID THEY ARE FROM THE MEN WHO CONTROL THE DISTRICT!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE THE COMMISSIONER'S MEN KEEP THE PEACE, THEY DON'T MAKE TROUBLE!
THE MBOLA WARRIORS WERE CONVINCED...UNTIL A WARRIOR GRUNTED AND FELL AT RAMAR'S FEET! AND THEN THEY HEARD THE CRACK OF A RIFLE...
THERE! THAT IS WHY MY PEOPLE HAVE PAINTED FOR WAR!
HE WAS TOO QUICK FOR ME! COME ON, CHIEF. WE'LL TRAIL HIM! HAVE YOUR BEST TRACKERS LEAD THE WAY!

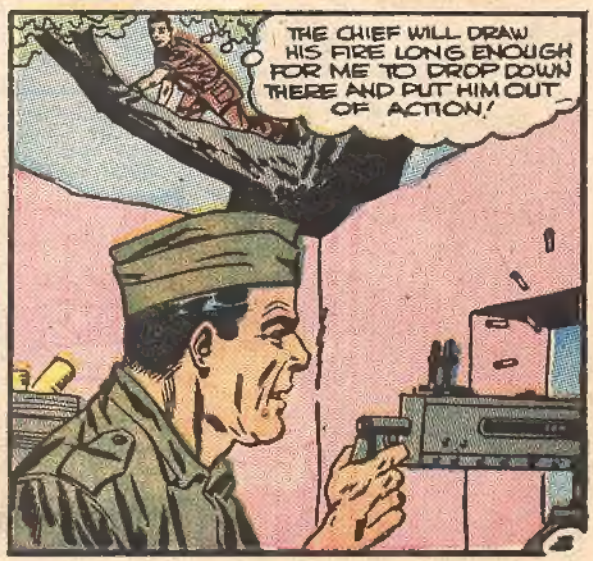
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THE TRAIL WAS FAINT BUT THE JUNGLE WARRIOR FOLLOWED IT WITHOUT TROUBLE! THEN, THEY ROUNDED A BEND AND...
WATCH IT! THAT'S A LIGHT MACHINE GUN!



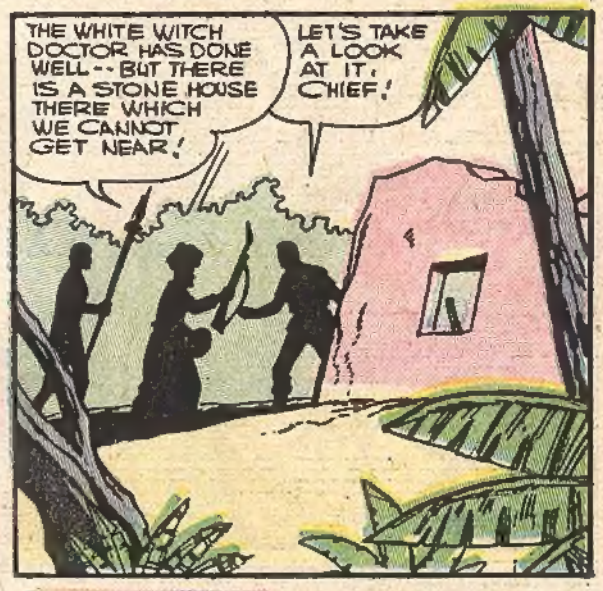
THE HUGE, VINE-CLAD TREES HUNG OVER THE TRAIL-- THE BRANCHES OVERLAPPING! RAMAR HANDED HIS RIFLE TO THE CHIEF AND FOUND A VINE THAT OFFERED AN AERIAL PATH TO THE TREE NEAREST THE PILL BOX!



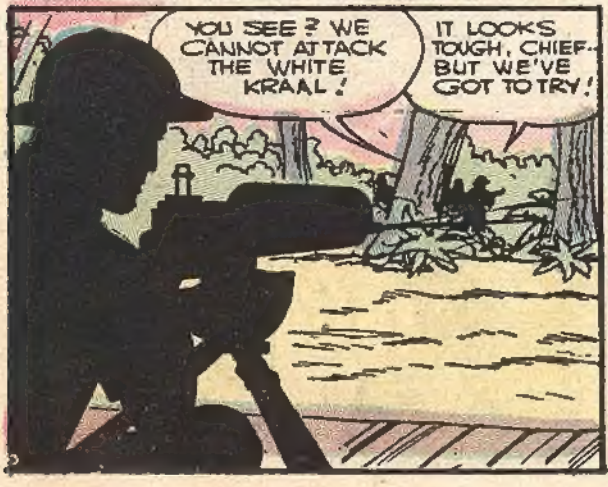


RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

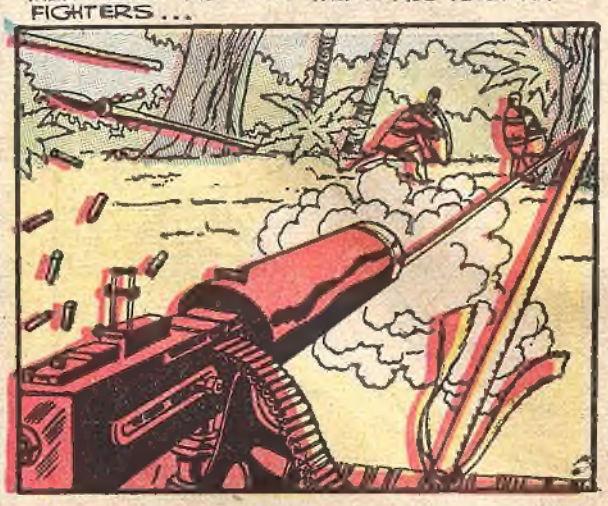
THE MBOLA WARRIORS TOOK A CHANCE TO KEEP THE MACHINE GUNNER GOING--AND RAMAR GRABBED HIS CHANCE...



RAMAR'S HEART SANK WHEN HE SAW WHAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST! A WARTIME JUNGLE FORT--WITH WARTIME WEAPONS...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



WAIT! I'LL TRY TO GET INSIDE THE FORT! WHEN YOU SEE ME IN THAT TREE, MAKE NOISE AND THROW YOUR SPEARS, THEN LOOK FOR THE GATES TO OPEN!

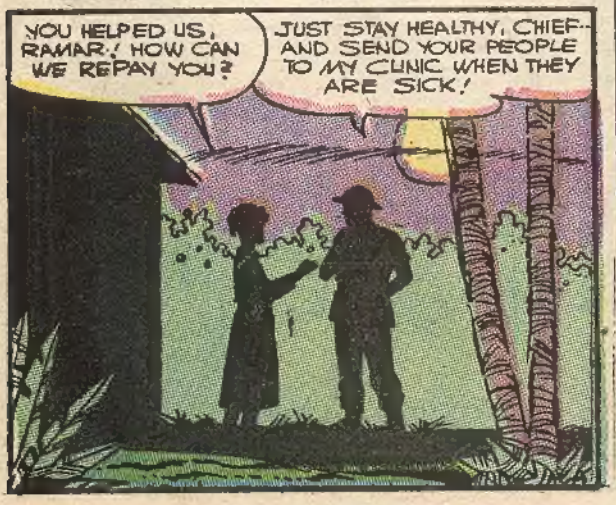
RAMAR CIRCLED THE FORT--LOCATED THE TREE, THEN CRAWLED OUT ON THE LIMB OVER THE BREACH IN THE WALL...
THEY'LL SEE ME IN A MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

DON'T BE A FOOL, WROSTEK! SURRENDER TO ME AND I'LL KEEP YOU UNTIL WE REACH THE COAST WHERE YOU'LL GET A TRAIL!
YOU FOOL! ALL OF US HERE WILL HANG IF WE FACED TRIAL! BUT WE WON'T BE TAKEN -- WE RULE THE UPPER CONGO NOW!

THE DIVERSION GAVE RAMAR THE CHANCE HE NEEDED...

LATER, AFTER DELIVERING WROSTEK AND HIS MEN TO THE POLICE...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR in DANGER FROM A DOLL

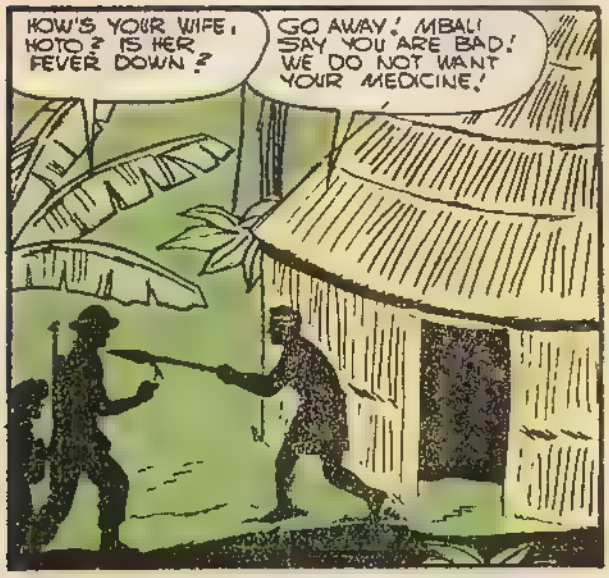
OF THE JUNGLE

LOOK AT THAT BLOKE! HE'S GOT A DOLL THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU!
IT'S A VOODOO RITE CHARLIE! HE'S USING THAT DOLL TO THREATEN ME!
IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE CONGO, THE TRIBES WERE PEACEFUL--BUT DR. REYNOLDS, KNOWN TO THE NATIVES AS RAMAR, THE WHITE WITCH DOCTOR, WAS FINDING TROUBLE AT HIS NEW HOSPITAL! NATIVES WHO CAME TO HIM FOR TREATMENT WERE COMING DOWN WITH MYSTERIOUS AILMENTS THAT MEDICINE COULDN'T CURE!

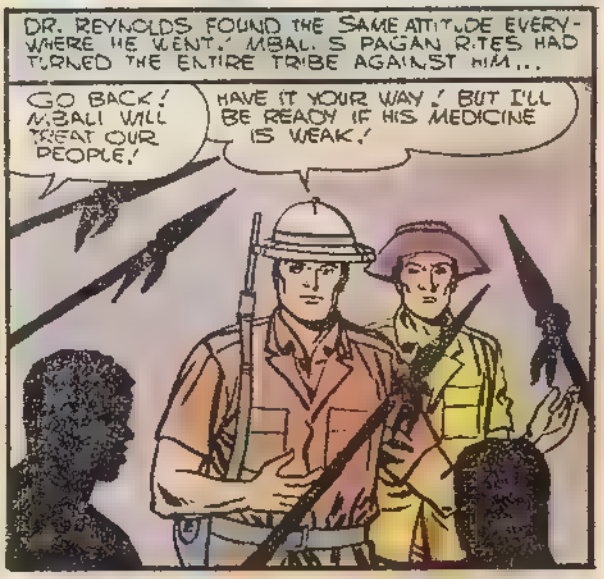
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

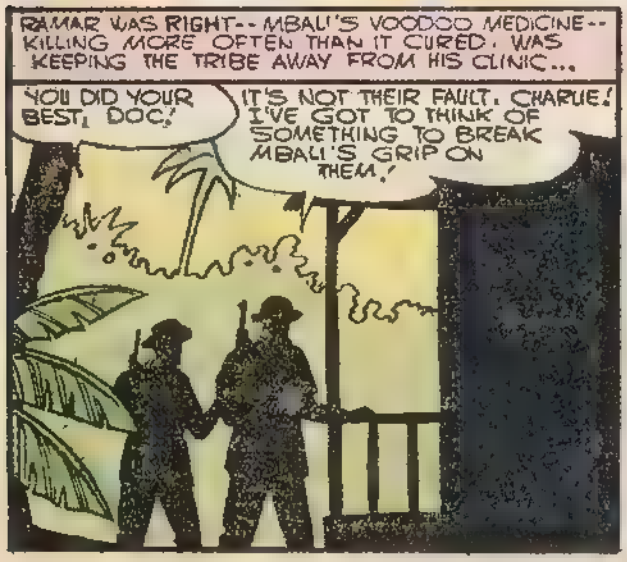
THE CLINIC WAS OPEN AS USUAL THE NEXT MORNING -- BUT ONLY ONE NATIVE CAME FOR TREATMENT...
ALAGA, YOU HAVE COURAGE! DON'T YOU KNOW OF MBALI'S THREAT TO ME?
HE THREATS YOU, HE THREATS ME, BUT HE CAN'T HURT MY BABY! YOUR MEDICINE HELP HIM!

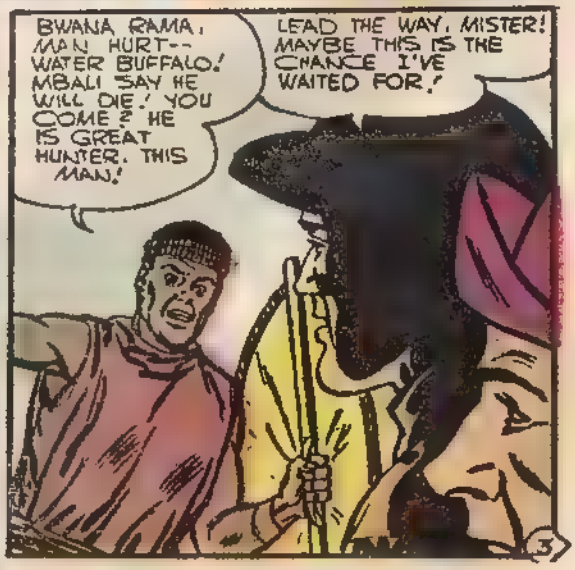
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



SHE NEEDS THIS MEDICINE, HOTO! SHE'LL DIE IF I DON'T TREAT HER!
THE WITCH DOCTOR WILL CURE HER. AFTER YOU CAME BEFORE, HE SAID SHE VERY SICK! GO AWAY!


DR. REYNOLDS FOUND THE SAME ATTITUDE EVERYWHERE HE WENT. MBALI'S PAGAN RITES HAD TURNED THE ENTIRE TRIBE AGAINST HIM...
GO BACK! MBALI WILL TREAT OUR PEOPLE!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY! BUT I'LL BE READY IF HIS MEDICINE IS WEAK!


RAMAR WAS RIGHT--MBALI'S VOODOO MEDICINE--KILLING MORE OFTEN THAN IT CURED, WAS KEEPING THE TRIBE AWAY FROM HIS CLINIC...
YOU DID YOUR BEST, DOC!
IT'S NOT THEIR FAULT, CHARLIE! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO BREAK MBALI'S GRIP ON THEM!


BWANA RAMA, MAN HURT--WATER BUFFALO! MBALI SAY HE WILL DIE! YOU COME? HE IS GREAT HUNTER. THIS MAN!
LEAD THE WAY, MISTER! MAYBE THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE WAITED FOR!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

WHERE IS THIS MAN? WE'RE MILES OFF THE TRAIL.'
NEAR NOW.' AROUND NEXT BEND.'
THE WHITE WITCH DOCTOR SUSPECTED A TRAP, AND HIS SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT...
MBALI.' DON'T YOU EVER GIVE UP?
WHEN YOU LEAVE CONGO, RAMAR! COME, WE TALK.'
RAMAR MAKES BIG TALK ABOUT HIS MEDICINE.' SIT. I WILL SHOW YOU MY MEDICINE NOW.'
MORE VOODOO, MBALI? ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD.'
BEWARE, RAMAR.' CONGO GODS HEED MY WORDS.' SHOW THE WHITE MAN WHO HAS STRONGER MAGIC, NOW!
RAMAR SMILED AT THE VOODOO DOCTOR'S WORDS.. BUT WHEN MBALI PLUNGED HIS KNIFE IN THE EFFIGY, HE FELT WHITE HOT PAIN IN HIS BACK...
HEED ME, RAMAR.' NEXT I WILL DO SERIOUS HARM.'
HEED ME, MBALI. TRY A STUNT LIKE THAT AGAIN AND I'LL RAM THAT DOLL DOWN YOUR THROAT.'
PRETTY CRUDE. BUT IT WORKED.' ONE OF YOUR BOYS PULLED THE ROPE AND GAVE ME THE BUSINESS.' IT MIGHT WORK WITH THE NATIVES, BUT IT WON'T WORK WITH ME.'

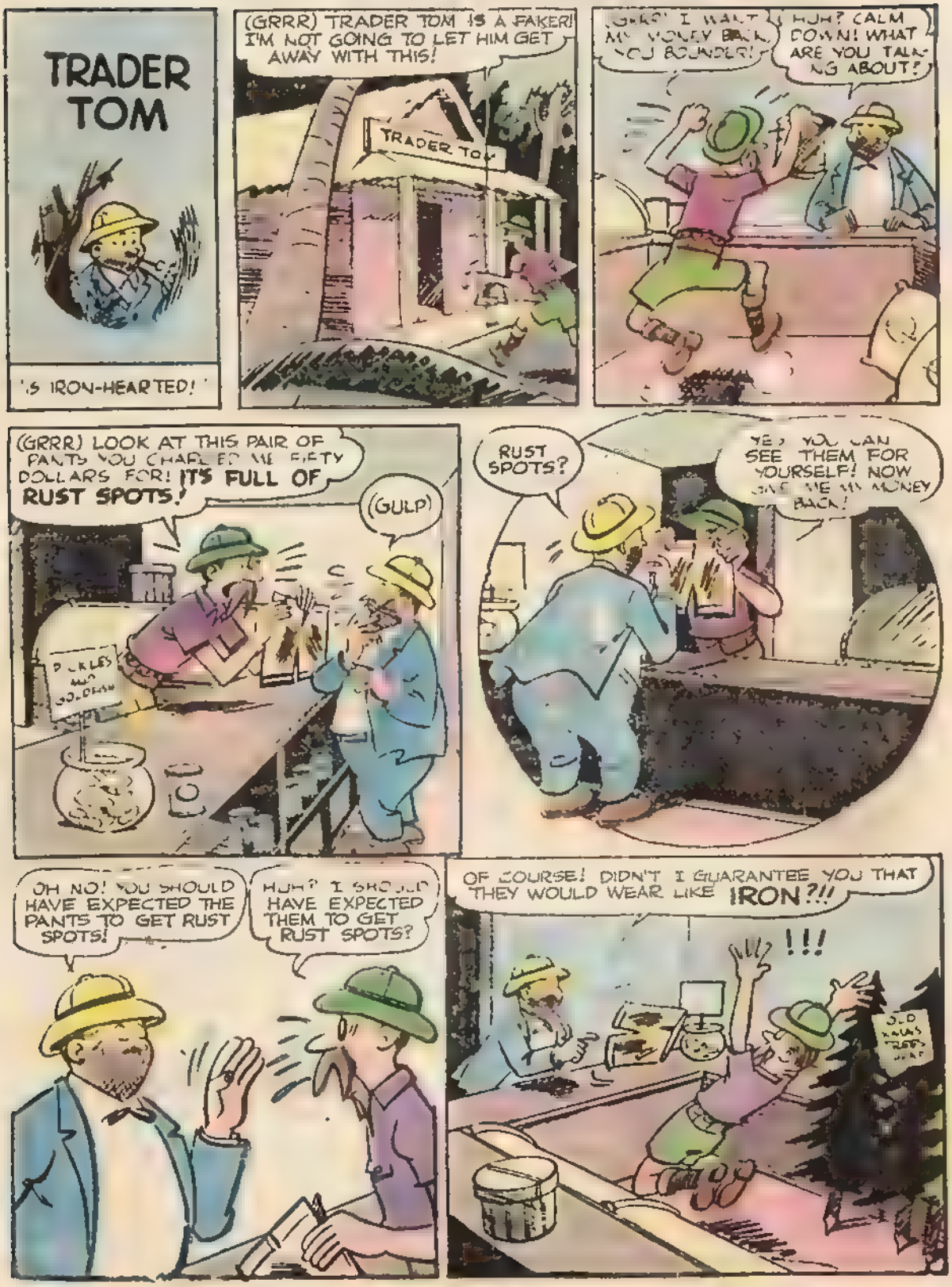
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

MBALI HATED HIS WHITE COMPETITOR / THE NATIVES FEARED HIM BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO SHOW HIS ABSOLUTE POWER...
WE KNOW YOUR POWER, MBALI! WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?
ASSEMBLE THE WARRIORS. I WILL SHOW THE POWER OF OUR OLD GODS!
DO NOT HARM RAMAR, MBALI! HE HAS DONE HIS BEST FOR OUR PEOPLE!
HE POISONS YOUR MINDS AGAINST OUR CUSTOMS! HE MUST GO!
THAT NIGHT...
ANY HURT THAT COMES TO RAMAR COMES THROUGH THIS DOLL! NOW, I DESTROY HIM!
MEANWHILE, RAMAR WAS ASLEEP IN HIS HUT WHEN WALTER, THE PARROT, SHOUTED AN ALARM!
AWWRK!
AWRRK!
THANKS WALTER! NOW TO FIND OUT WHO IT WAS AND WHY HE WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY!
RAMAR, AND WALTER THE PARROT DOVE FOR THE DOOR -- CHECKING ON CHARLIE ON THE WAY! HE WAS ALREADY UP...
BLIMEY! HE GOT AWAY!!! DID HE HURT YOU RAMAR?
NO! BUT HE CAME AWFULLY CLOSE! ONE OF MBALI'S BOYS I'LL BET---LET'S FIND OUT!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

SO WOT? WE CAN'T PROVE A THING!
MAYBE WE CAN -- THERE WAS BLUE CLAY PATCH OUTSIDE MY WINDOW --- SO HE MUST HAVE TRACES OF IT ON HIS FEET!
IT DIDN'T WORK, MBALI! YOU CAN STOP THIS NONSENSE RIGHT NOW!
RAMAR! SEIZE HIM! THE OLD GODS DEMAND VENGEANCE!
EVERYONE STAND STILL! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO CAME INTO MY PLACE!
MY WARRIORS WILL RESENT THIS IF YOU ARE NOT RIGHT, RAMAR!
RAMAR CONDUCTED A STRANGE CHECK -- GOING FROM ONE TO THE NEXT, LOOKING AT THE SOLES OF OF THEIR FEET!
THIS IS THE MAN -- HIS FEET ARE FULL OF CLAY!
YOU ARE RIGHT, RAMAR! TAKE HIM!
MBALI PROMISED MUCH IVORY IF WE DESTROYED RAMAR HE IS TO BLAME!
RAMAR DIDN'T TRY TO HAVE MBALI OR HIS AIDES IMPRISONED... THE TRIBE WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIM BETTER THAN THE POUCE...
WE SICK, RAMAR! YOU GIVE US MEDICINE?
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, LAD! YOU OTHERS WAIT. I'LL GET TO YOU AS SOON AS I CAN!
The End

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE


TRADER TOM
'S IRON-HEARTED!
(GRRR) TRADER TOM IS A FAKER! I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS!
TRADER TOM
(GRRR) I WANT MY MONEY BACK, YOU BOUNDER!
HUH? CALM DOWN! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
(GRRR) LOOK AT THIS PAIR OF PANTS YOU CHARGED ME FIFTY DOLLARS FOR! IT'S FULL OF RUST SPOTS!
(GULP)
RUST SPOTS?
YES, YOU CAN SEE THEM FOR YOURSELF! NOW GIVE ME MY MONEY BACK!
OH NO! YOU SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THE PANTS TO GET RUST SPOTS!
HUH? I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THEM TO GET RUST SPOTS?
OF COURSE! DIDN'T I GUARANTEE YOU THAT THEY WOULD WEAR LIKE IRON?!!
!!!

MOVIES IN THE JUNGLE

Three days ago I had been resting in an easy chair in my small New York apartment when the doorbell rang. It was Uncle Sam's mail carrier with a registered air mail letter for me. I signed for it and then opened the envelope. I nearly fainted when out came a certified check for the amount of $5,000 made to my order — Henry Travers. Next I noticed a ticket for a plane on the New York-California Air Transit Company. And finally a short note from William Cavenshire, head of University Pictures, telling me politely, but firmly, to get out to Hollywood, pronto.

This explains how I happened to be seated opposite "W.C." as he was familiarly known in the movie industry. He came right to the point. "Mr. Travers," he began, "I attended the Explorer's Club in New York when you spoke about your adventures in Ashanti territory. Tell me something about yourself." I sort of shrugged my shoulders.

"Nothing very much exciting", I said. "I have worked in Southern and Western Africa. Helped to build a railroad; hunted ivory for two years; fought against the slave traders; put down a native revolt; killed a crocodile with a knife; and am still alive."

"Nothing very much exciting", said W.C. mimicing me almost down to the tone of my voice. "Give me some facts about the Ashanti," he demanded.

"Very warlike gang of cutthroat natives," I said. "Inland from the Gold Coast they had their kingdom for years. They conquered the weaker people living between them and the sea. Made slaves of them. In 1873 the Ashanti King demanded possession of the coastal fort of Elmina which the British had purchased from the Dutch in the previous year. When the demand was refused, an Ashanti army, 40,000 strong, crossed the River Prah and attacked the Fanti who were under British protection. After defeating the Fanti in two battles, the invaders laid siege to Elmina and advanced to within three miles of Cape Coast Castle. My Grandfather, Hugh Travers, was aboard the British warship with marines that arrived just in time and saved the situation. My father lived on the Gold Coast and I was raised there as a boy. I speak the language of the Ashanti as well as several other tongues, including Arabic and Aramahic."

W.C. nodded his head as though in complete agreement with what I had just said. But you could sense his mind was working a mile a minute. "Tell me something about the Radinga Jungle," he demanded, much as a kid asks for a piece of candy.

"They have what is known as the Creeping Vines in that Jungle. Due to the shift in temprature and moisture content, the vines expand and contract. They act as traps for human beings and animals and crush any living thing; much as sets of heavy cables being tightened around a person would act."

"Fine, fine", said the movie big-wig. "We recently bought the rights to Fannie Luster's novel, 'Jungle Love'. I want to shoot the jungle scenes right in the Radinga Jungle and also get some scenes of the Ashanti people."

I looked up in amazement at William Cavenshire. What they said about him was true in the Movie World. He would stop at nothing to give the public a taste of the real thing. "I want to leave in two days with my leading lady, Theresa Martinez and Burt Fallows, my leading man, in this production. Joe Humphreys will be at the camera. We can dub in the sound track later." Yes, those were the words I heard. So I had to think for an answer in a split second.

"I worked out a scheme to get us into the territory and in a short while we were on our way.

When that big four-engined transport dropped down at a point I had chosen for the pilot, I still

could hardly believe that the head of University Pictures was at my side. As for his leading lady, Theresa Martinez, born plain Sadie Kelly in Brooklyn, she was a stunner with her dark black hair, pale white face, and brown eyes. Let's skip over the leading man and merely say he was a handsome six-footer who thought he was a double for a Grecian God.

Nearby was the jungles and we made a bee line for it. I carried a submachine gun and in my knapsack was a weapon that I knew could conquer even a whole tribe. We reached the jungle as the sun was about to set. "Follow me, and be careful not to stumble", was my warning. After we had traveled several hundred yards, I called a stop. "Watch those vines," I shouted. It was eerie to see those vines swing around as though directed by some unknown force. Theresa moved a few inches and in a second her body was lifted up from the ground.

"Help, help," she skrieked, more frightened than hurt. I made a dash for one side of the long vine and W.C. grabbed another side.

"Pull down," was my command and slowly the vine released its human captive. Theresa was slightly bruised, but she spent the next ten minutes thanking me and even planted a kiss smack on the place where such things should be delivered. For the rest of our stay in the jungle, she was always next to me. We returned to our plane and spent the night inside, with several of the crew taking turns as armed guards.

When morning broke, what I feared took place. A group of Ashanti natives armed with spears and shields headed for the plane in what was evidently an ugly mood. I later learned Joe had gotten pictures of that vine episode. And now he was grinding away at the natives, with the tripod of his camera firmly fixed on the ground. A native threw a spear and it smacked the lens straight in the center. I yelled in Ashanti tongue to the native I could judge was their leader. The shouting died down and we went into a word battle. "What did he say?", W.C. asked in a rather frightened tone. I think then and there the big shot of Hollywood regretted not having made the jungle scene and native scene in his own back yard.

"We got ten minutes to get out of their land", I translated, "or we get a dose of spears. They say we are intruders and on that subject they are right."

"Get the plane started", ordered W.C.

Theresa hung close to me. She was scared stiff and so was that imitation Grecian God of a leading man of hers. When the plane wouldn't start, we knew trouble was staring us right in the face.

"Need about an hour to fix up two of the engines", explained the chief mechanic.

Back came the natives and they got ready to throw their spears. Out from my knapsack came stink bomb number one. I threw five of those things and the field was filled with stretched out natives. All the time Joe was grinding away at the camera. Our plane hit the air just as the effects of the bomb wore off. Up to the present, they haven't a spear that can go up two miles into the air.

Did you see the picture, "Jungle Love" at your neighborhood theater? The critics panned the vine scene, the natives approaching the plane, and the bomb episode. As Lillian De Valle wrote in her movie column, "Even a five year old could see it was done in Hollywood's backyard. How dared W.C. try to pass that off as real stuff?"

That was Theresa's last picture. Now she's got a new job as my wife and the mother of our twins. We can talk about anything in our house — except the jungle. But my secret is safe — the fact that I sent the Ashanti King a thousand dollars before we landed to stage the charge, fall down when the fake bombs went off, and fix up the vines in the jungle.

THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE in IDOL CHATTER

FOOLS! YOU HEAR THE GREAT IDOL! GET THE WHITE MEN!
WAIT! THAT IS NOT THE VOICE OF YOUR IDOL! WILL YOU TAKE LIFE AT THE CHATTER OF A BIRD?
TENSION WAS HIGH IN THE STEAMING JUNGLE--BUT RAMAR WAS FAR TOO BUSY IN HIS DISPENSARY TO FEEL IT!
LIE BACK, NGULA! YOU'LL OPEN THAT SPEAR WOUND AGAIN IF YOU MOVE!
I MUST TALK, BWANA! YOU--THIS PLACE--IN GREAT DANGER! I CAME TO TELL!
DANGER? HERE? FROM WHAT?
THE MAU MAU! HUNTING IN THE NIGHT, I HEARD TWO WARRIORS SPEAK AS THEY PASSED! I TRIED TO COME AND THEY CAUGHT ME AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!
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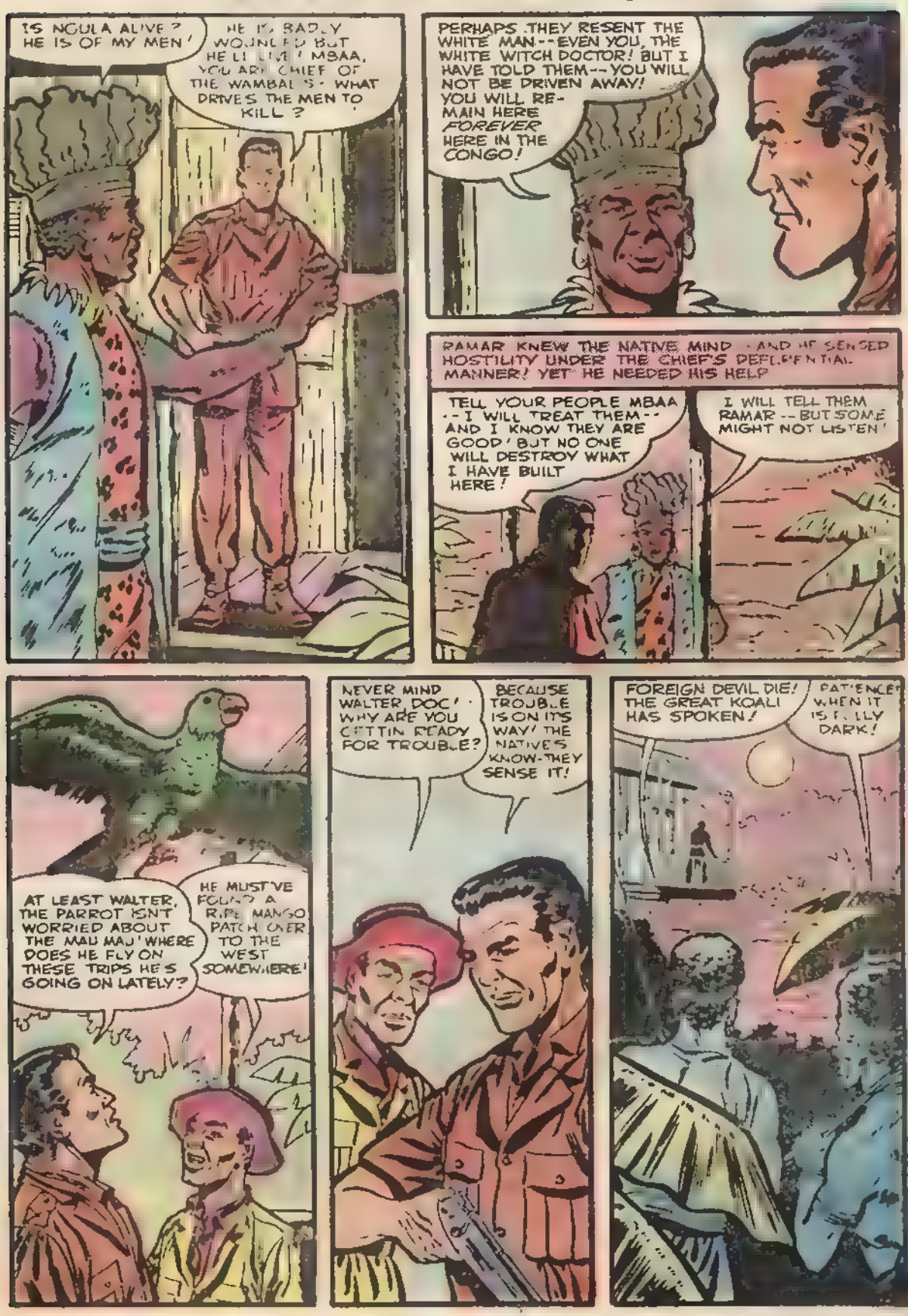
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE


IS NGULA ALIVE? HE IS OF MY MEN!
HE IS BADLY WOUNDED BUT HE LIVES! MBAA, YOU ARE CHIEF OF THE WAMBALI - WHAT DRIVES THE MEN TO KILL?
PERHAPS THEY RESENT THE WHITE MAN--EVEN YOU, THE WHITE WITCH DOCTOR! BUT I HAVE TOLD THEM--YOU WILL NOT BE DRIVEN AWAY! YOU WILL REMAIN HERE FOREVER HERE IN THE CONGO!
RAMAR KNEW THE NATIVE MIND - AND HE SENSED HOSTILITY UNDER THE CHIEF'S DEFERENTIAL MANNER! YET HE NEEDED HIS HELP
TELL YOUR PEOPLE MBAA --I WILL TREAT THEM-- AND I KNOW THEY ARE GOOD! BUT NO ONE WILL DESTROY WHAT I HAVE BUILT HERE!
I WILL TELL THEM RAMAR -- BUT SOME MIGHT NOT LISTEN!
AT LEAST WALTER, THE PARROT ISN'T WORRIED ABOUT THE MAU MAU! WHERE DOES HE FLY ON THESE TRIPS HE'S GOING ON LATELY?
HE MUST'VE FOUND A RIPE MANGO PATCH OVER TO THE WEST SOMEWHERE!
NEVER MIND WALTER, DOC! - WHY ARE YOU GETTIN READY FOR TROUBLE?
BECAUSE TROUBLE IS ON ITS WAY! THE NATIVES KNOW-THEY SENSE IT!
FOREIGN DEVIL DIE! THE GREAT KOALI HAS SPOKEN!
PATIENCE! WHEN IT IS FULLY DARK!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

IT'S QUIET OUT THERE-- TOO QUIET! MAYBE I'M GETTING A CASE OF NERVES!
DIE, FOREIGN DOG!
NOT YET, BUSTER!
THE MAU MAU WILL DRIVE ALL
THE MAU MAU DESTROY IT-SELF FEEDING ON ITS OWN POISON!
MBOA NIJI KAHLA 'KOALI HAS SPOKEN!
MBOA! NIJI KAHLA! KOALI MBAA NIJI!
SHUT UP, WALTER! WHO SENT YOU HERE, WAMBALI? WHY THIS MADNESS?
KOALI BOANA NIJI!
IT IS KOALI! IN THE FORM OF A BIRD! I HEAR, MASTER!
DON'T BE A FOOL! THE PARROT HEARD YOU SAY... OR DID HE? CHARLIE!
WHAT IS IT, DOC? WHAT'S THE WARRIOR WANT?
NEVER MIND HIM-- THIS IS IMPORTANT! HOW LONG HAS WALTER BEEN CHATTERING ABOUT KOALI AND THAT QUEER CHANT I JUST HEARD? THIS NATIVE THINKS HE HEARD HIS MAU MAU IDOL SPEAKING....
JUST SINCE HE'S BEEN FLYIN' OFF TO THE MANGO PATCH, SAY, DO YOU THINK HE MIGHT'VE FOUND WHERE THEY HOLD THEIR HEATHEN MEETINGS?
3

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THE DISPENSARY WAS WELL GUARDED THAT NIGHT--BUT THERE WERE NO MORE ATTACKS! RAMAR WENT TO WORK ON THE PROBLEM NEXT MORNING....
SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THE DISPENSARY, DOC? THE NATIVES THINK THE MAU MAU'S READY FOR A BIG RAID!
UNLESS WE STOP IT BEFORE IT STARTS! WALTER THERE COULD HELP A LOT! LET'S TRY TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM RIGHT NOW!
YOU MEAN WALTER HAS BEEN LISTENIN' TO THAT MAU MAU NONSENSE?
EXACTLY! AT THEIR MEETING PLACE! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY HE COULD LEARN THE CHANT!
DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, THEY WATCHED WALTER HOVER NEAR A MANGO GROVE, THEN DESCEND..
THAT'S THE PLACE! SEE THAT WARRIOR? HE'S READY FOR BATTLE -- PAINTED WITH SYMBOLS OF THE MAU MAU! SNEAK AROUND BACK!
TAKE IT EASY, DOC! WE AIN'T GOT WINGS LIKE WALTER TO FLY OFF WHEN WE GET IN TROUBLE!
KOALI SPEAKS! HE SAYS TO DESTROY WHITE MEN AND ALL WHO SERVE HIM! NOW IS THE MOMENT OF VICTORY!
NOW IS THE MOMENT TO TAKE THE MASK OFF! THE REST OF YOU CALM DOWN WHILE WE TALK THIS OVER! COME ON, KOALI, SHOW YOUR FACE!
HE HAS VIOLATED THE SACRED PLACE! GET HIM!
4

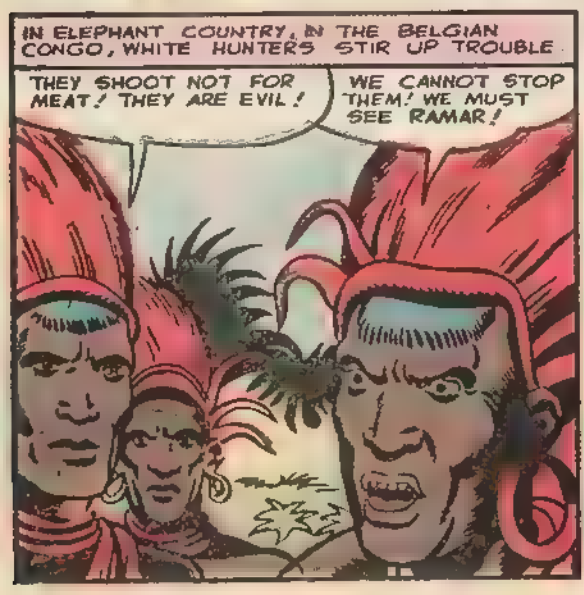
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

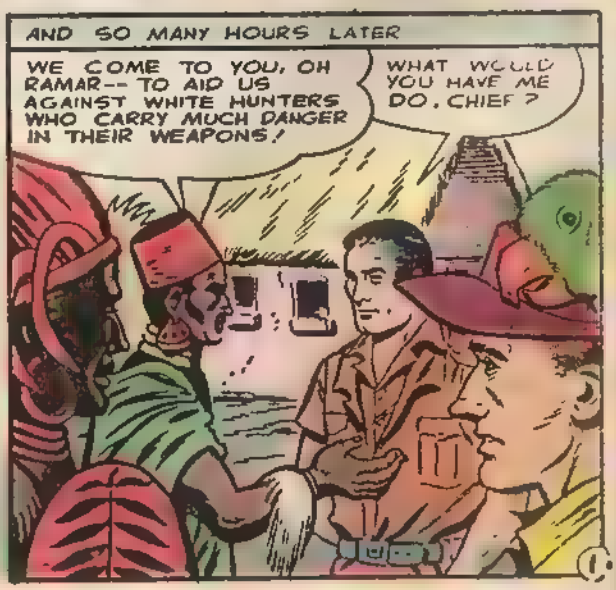
DIE AT THE FOOT OF KOALI!
HE HAS SEIZED KOALI! HE MUST DIE!
WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHO I DID SEIZE! AFTER I GET THIS STUPID MASK OFF!
KOALI NIJI KAHLA! KOALI BOANA NIJI! AWWKK!
HEAR KOALI - THE GREAT IDOL-- ORDER DEATH TO THE WHITE!
THAT'S A PARROT-- THAT GIBBERISH MEANS NOTHING! MBAA HAS DECEIVED YOU!
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO..... UNGH!
THANKS FOR GIVING ME AN EXCUSE, MBAA! I WANTED TO DO THAT EVEN BEFORE YOU JOINED THE MAU MAU!
THE NATIVES SOUGHT OUT THEIR OWN CRIMINALS -- A LONG STREAM OF THE SECRET TERRORIST SOCIETY STARTED FOR THE CAPITOL NEAR THE COAST! AND RAMAR WENT BACK TO TREATING THE SICK
HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, NGULA? NEED MORE MEDICINE?
NO, RAMAR! WHEN THE MAU MAU LEFT MY CURE WAS COMPLETE!
KOALI NIJI KAHLA! THE GREAT KOALI SPEAKS!
WE FEARED THE CHATTER OF A BIRD! NEVER SHALL WE FEAR THE MAU MAU AGAIN!
THEY WON'T QUIT, NGULA! BUT NEXT TIME THE WAMBALI WILL NOT LISTEN TO IDOL OF EVIL!
THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR in The GUNLESS HUNTER

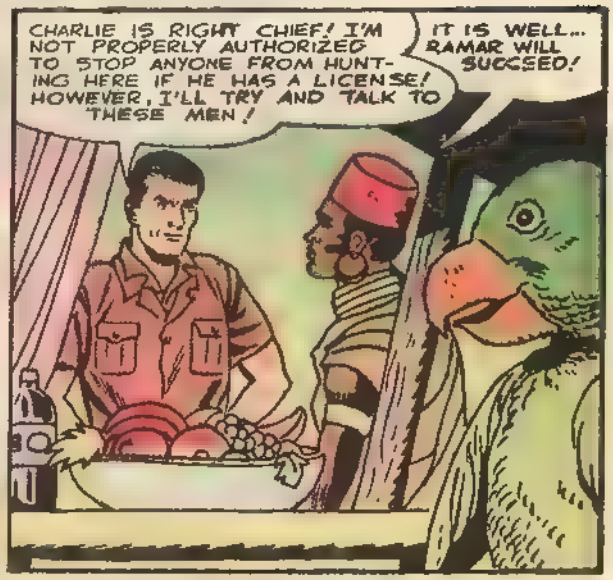
CLICK!
THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMAL IN THE JUNGLE IS A MAN WITH A GUN.. BUT TAKE THE GUN AWAY AND HE BECOMES THE MOST VULNERABLE BUT WHEN HE SHOOTS WITH A CAMERA AND HAS MORE COURAGE THAN BRAINS, IT IS RAMAR'S DUTY TO PROTECT HIM . ..


IN ELEPHANT COUNTRY, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, WHITE HUNTERS STIR UP TROUBLE
THEY SHOOT NOT FOR MEAT! THEY ARE EVIL!
WE CANNOT STOP THEM! WE MUST SEE RAMAR!

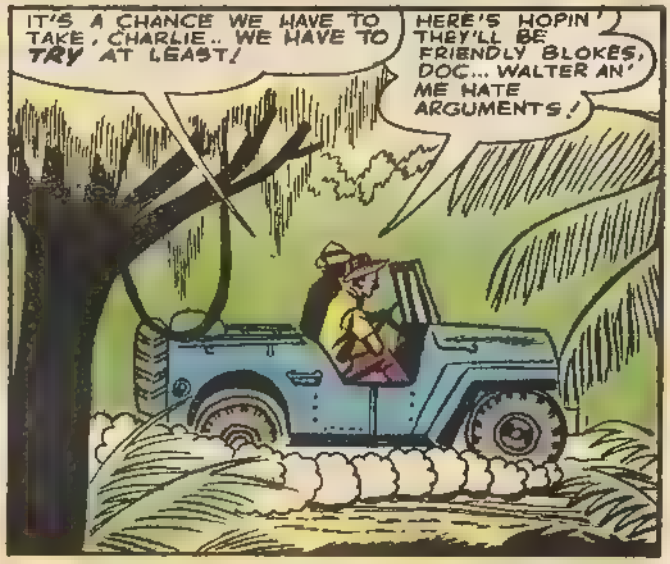

AND SO MANY HOURS LATER
WE COME TO YOU, OH RAMAR-- TO AID US AGAINST WHITE HUNTERS WHO CARRY MUCH DANGER IN THEIR WEAPONS!
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, CHIEF?

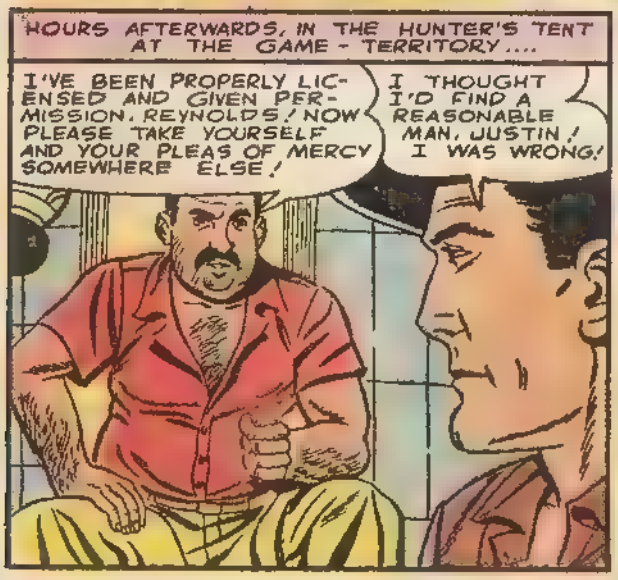
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

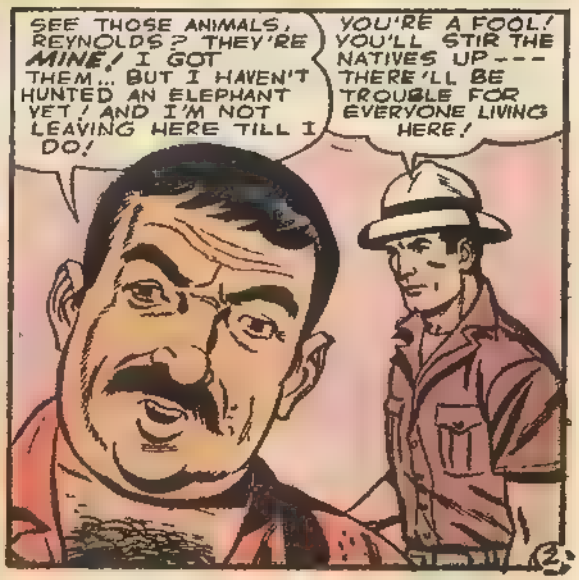
YOU WITH YOUR WHITE MAGIC CAN DRIVE THEM FROM OUR VILLAGES AND HUNTING GROUNDS. LEST THE EVIL SPIRITS RISE UP AND BRING DEATH TO OUR LAND!
BUT DOC REYNOLDS CAN'T DO THAT! HE'S NOT THE BLOOMIN' GOVERNMENT!


CHARLIE IS RIGHT CHIEF! I'M NOT PROPERLY AUTHORIZED TO STOP ANYONE FROM HUNTING HERE IF HE HAS A LICENSE! HOWEVER, I'LL TRY AND TALK TO THESE MEN!
IT IS WELL... RAMAR WILL SUCCEED!

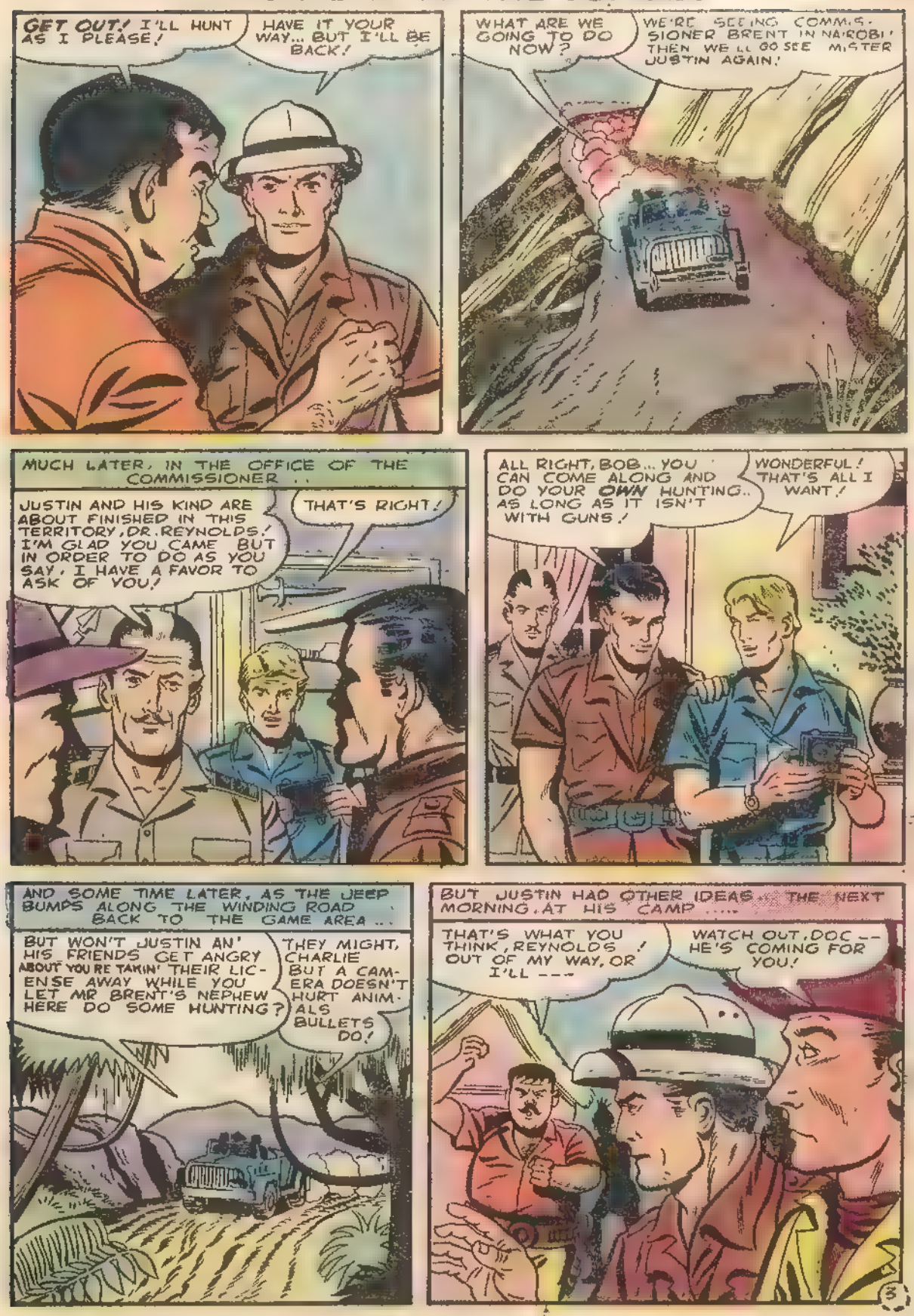
MOMENTS LATER, PREPARING FOR THEIR JOURNEY ...
I WISH I HAD THE CHIEF'S CONFIDENCE! HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW. THESE HUNTERS ARE GETTING TO BE MORE THAN A NUISANCE EVERY DAY! THEY SHOOT AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES!
WALTER AN' ME, WE KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC! BUT WILL THOSE TRIGGER-HAPPY YOKELS KNOW IT, TOO?


IT'S A CHANCE WE HAVE TO TAKE, CHARLIE.. WE HAVE TO TRY AT LEAST!
HERE'S HOPIN' THEY'LL BE FRIENDLY BLOKES, DOC... WALTER AN' ME HATE ARGUMENTS!

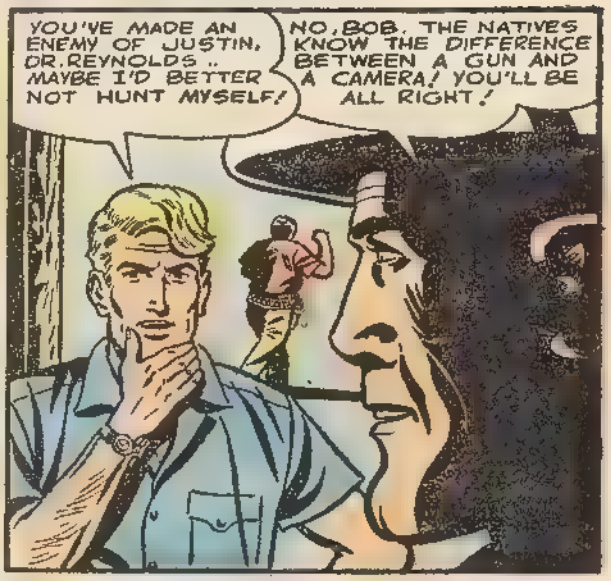

HOURS AFTERWARDS, IN THE HUNTER'S TENT AT THE GAME-TERRITORY....
I'VE BEEN PROPERLY LICENSED AND GIVEN PERMISSION, REYNOLDS! NOW PLEASE TAKE YOURSELF AND YOUR PLEAS OF MERCY SOMEWHERE ELSE!
I THOUGHT I'D FIND A REASONABLE MAN, JUSTIN! I WAS WRONG!

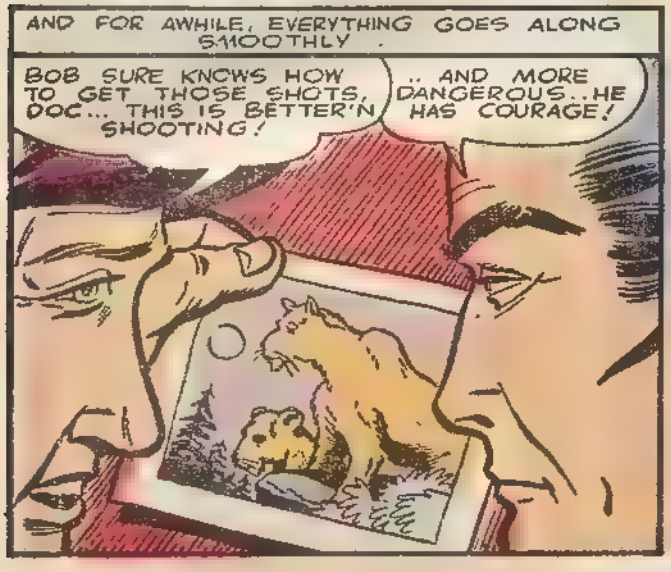

SEE THOSE ANIMALS, REYNOLDS? THEY'RE MINE! I GOT THEM... BUT I HAVEN'T HUNTED AN ELEPHANT YET! AND I'M NOT LEAVING HERE TILL I DO!
YOU'RE A FOOL! YOU'LL STIR THE NATIVES UP--- THERE'LL BE TROUBLE FOR EVERYONE LIVING HERE!

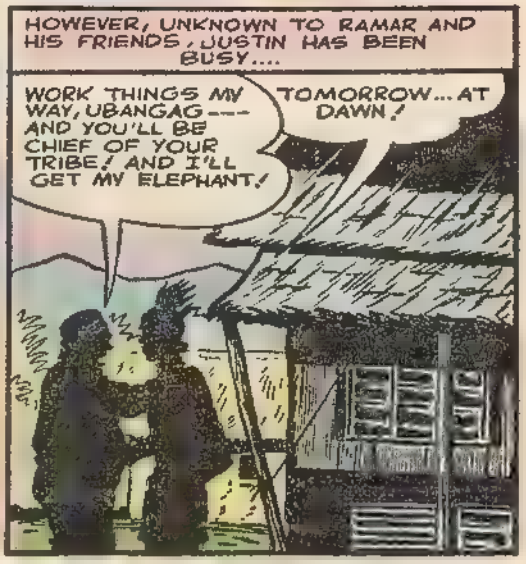
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

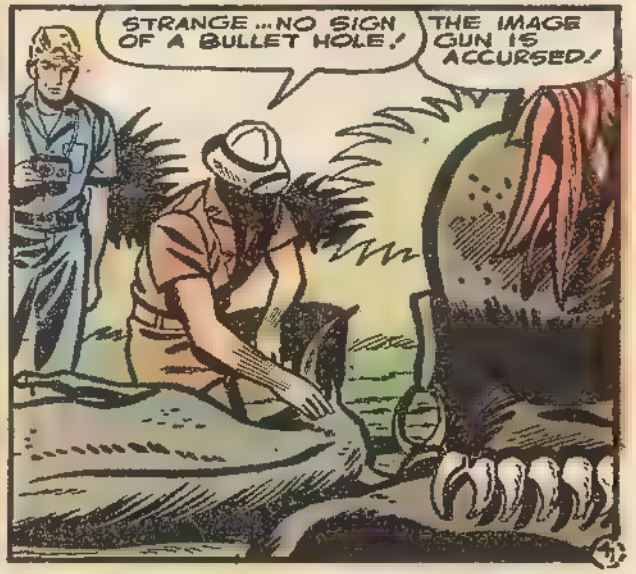

GET OUT! I'LL HUNT AS I PLEASE!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY... BUT I'LL BE BACK!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?
WE'RE SEEING COMMISSIONER BRENT IN NAIROBI! THEN WE'LL GO SEE MISTER JUSTIN AGAIN!
MUCH LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER ..
JUSTIN AND HIS KIND ARE ABOUT FINISHED IN THIS TERRITORY, DR. REYNOLDS! I'M GLAD YOU CAME BUT IN ORDER TO DO AS YOU SAY, I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU!
THAT'S RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT, BOB... YOU CAN COME ALONG AND DO YOUR OWN HUNTING.. AS LONG AS IT ISN'T WITH GUNS!
WONDERFUL! THAT'S ALL I WANT!
AND SOME TIME LATER, AS THE JEEP BUMPS ALONG THE WINDING ROAD BACK TO THE GAME AREA ..
BUT WON'T JUSTIN AN' HIS FRIENDS GET ANGRY ABOUT YOU RE TAKIN' THEIR LICENSE AWAY WHILE YOU LET MR BRENT'S NEPHEW HERE DO SOME HUNTING?
THEY MIGHT, CHARLIE BUT A CAMERA DOESN'T HURT ANIMALS BULLETS DO!
BUT JUSTIN HAD OTHER IDEAS ... THE NEXT MORNING, AT HIS CAMP .....
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, REYNOLDS! OUT OF MY WAY, OR I'LL ---
WATCH OUT, DOC -- HE'S COMING FOR YOU!
3

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE


YOU'VE MADE AN ENEMY OF JUSTIN, DR. REYNOLDS.. MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT HUNT MYSELF!
NO, BOB. THE NATIVES KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GUN AND A CAMERA! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!


AND FOR AWHILE, EVERYTHING GOES ALONG SMOOTHLY.
BOB SURE KNOWS HOW TO GET THOSE SHOTS, DOC... THIS IS BETTER'N SHOOTING!
.. AND MORE DANGEROUS.. HE HAS COURAGE!

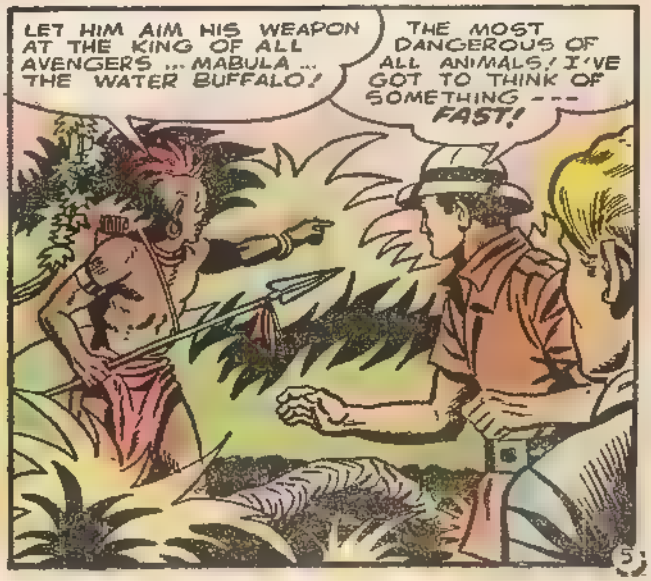

HOWEVER, UNKNOWN TO RAMAR AND HIS FRIENDS, JUSTIN HAS BEEN BUSY....
WORK THINGS MY WAY, UBANGAG --- AND YOU'LL BE CHIEF OF YOUR TRIBE! AND I'LL GET MY ELEPHANT!
TOMORROW... AT DAWN!



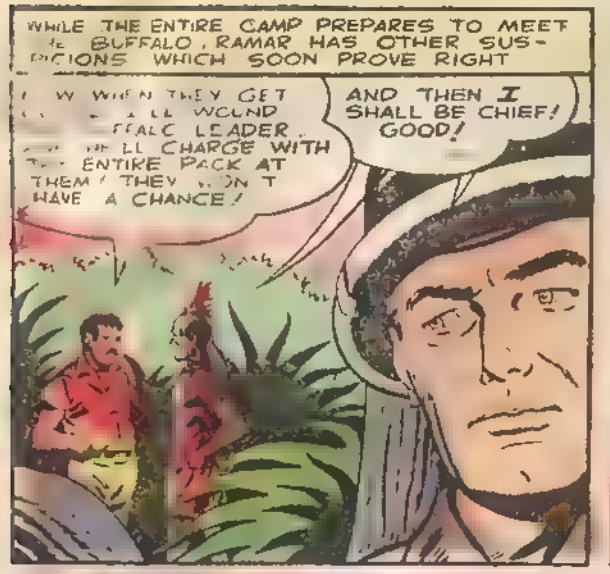
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

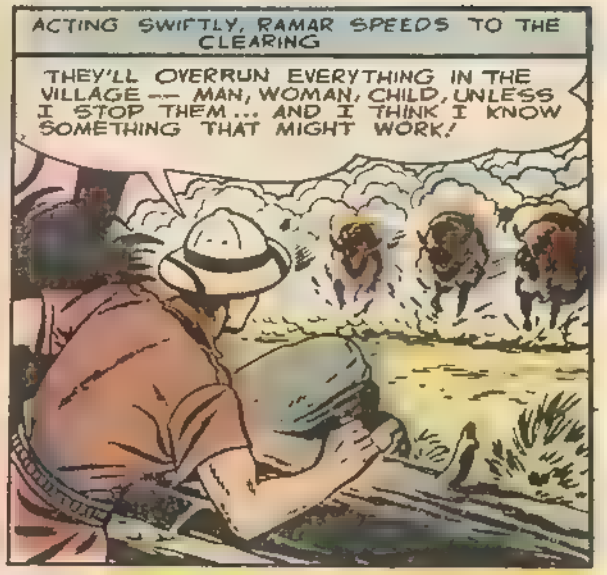
NO EVIL SPIRIT HAS KILLED THIS ANIMAL... THE MARK OF A POISON DART IS ON IT'S FLANK.. CLEVERLY AIMED. IT IS UBANGAG WHO CAUSES TROUBLE!
YOU LIE!

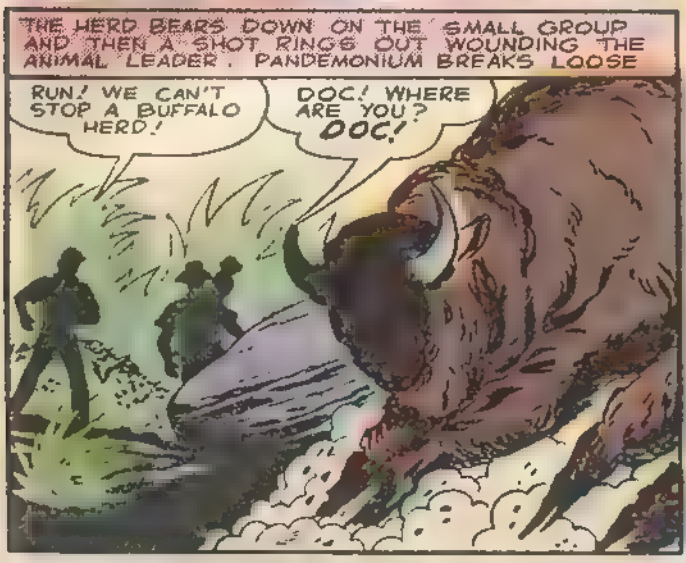
THEN LET MY YOUNG FRIEND PROVE TO YOU THE CAMERA-WEAPON IS HARMLESS.. LET HIM USE IT AGAIN!
IT SHALL BE DONE. BUT I SHALL PICK THE ANIMALS!

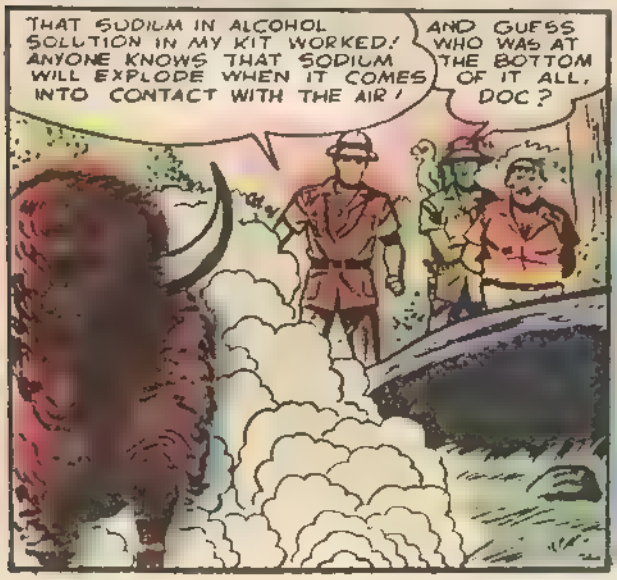

LET HIM AIM HIS WEAPON AT THE KING OF ALL AVENGERS ... MABULA ... THE WATER BUFFALO!
THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL ANIMALS! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING --- FAST!

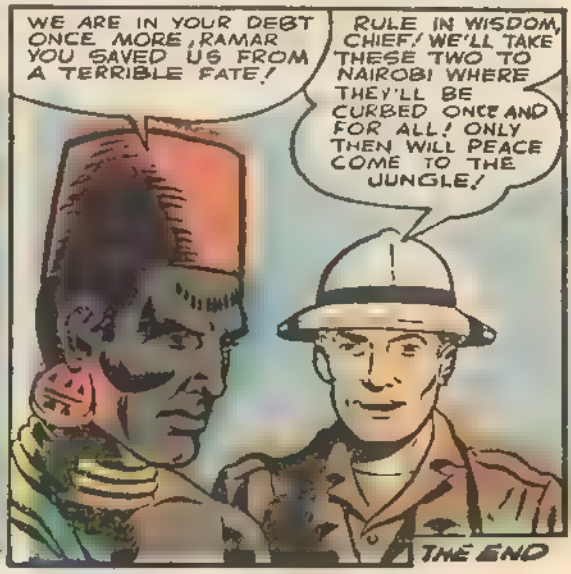
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE


WHILE THE ENTIRE CAMP PREPARES TO MEET THE BUFFALO, RAMAR HAS OTHER SUSPICIONS WHICH SOON PROVE RIGHT
AND THEN I SHALL BE CHIEF! GOOD!
THEY'LL CHARGE WITH THE ENTIRE PACK AT THEM! THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!


ACTING SWIFTLY, RAMAR SPEEDS TO THE CLEARING
THEY'LL OVERRUN EVERYTHING IN THE VILLAGE — MAN, WOMAN, CHILD, UNLESS I STOP THEM... AND I THINK I KNOW SOMETHING THAT MIGHT WORK!


THE HERD BEARS DOWN ON THE SMALL GROUP AND THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT WOUNDING THE ANIMAL LEADER. PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE
RUN! WE CAN'T STOP A BUFFALO HERD!
DOC! WHERE ARE YOU? DOC!


THAT SODIUM IN ALCOHOL SOLUTION IN MY KIT WORKED! ANYONE KNOWS THAT SODIUM WILL EXPLODE WHEN IT COMES INTO CONTACT WITH THE AIR!
AND GUESS WHO WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL, DOC?


WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT ONCE MORE, RAMAR YOU SAVED US FROM A TERRIBLE FATE!
RULE IN WISDOM, CHIEF! WE'LL TAKE THESE TWO TO NAIROBI WHERE THEY'LL BE CURBED ONCE AND FOR ALL! ONLY THEN WILL PEACE COME TO THE JUNGLE!
THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT — 4 CORRECT, GOOD — 3 CORRECT, FAIR — 2 CORRECT, POOR!

① ALL BOOMERANGS RETURN TO THE THROWER.

TRUE_____

FALSE_____

④ U.S. GRANT'S PICTURE IS ON THE $10,000 BILL.

TRUE_____

FALSE_____

② ISAAC WHELAN WAS THE FIRST LIFE INSURANCE AGENT IN THE U.S.

TRUE_____

FALSE_____

⑤ COLORADO IS BETWEEN KANSAS AND UTAH.

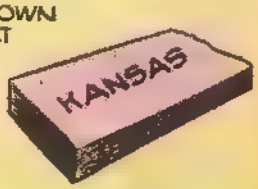
TRUE_____

FALSE_____

③ KANSAS IS KNOWN AS THE WHEAT STATE.

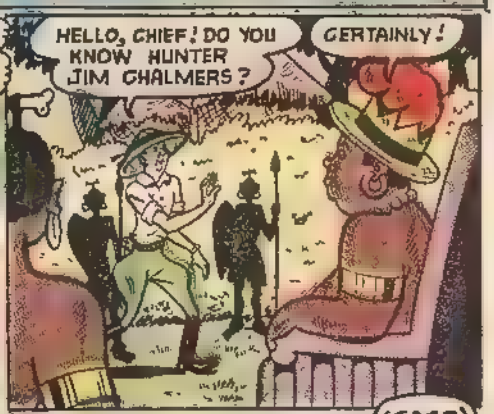
TRUE_____

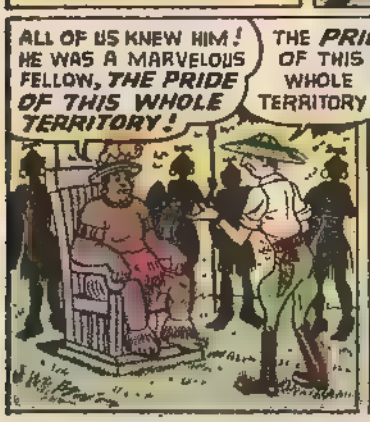
FALSE_____

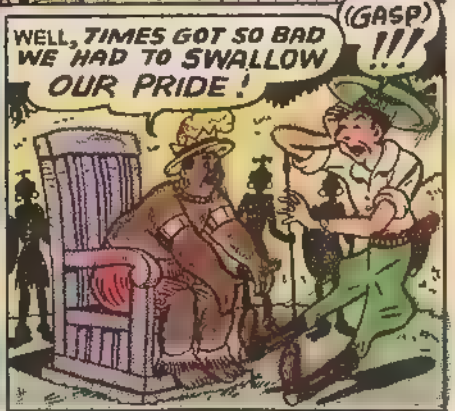


1. FALSE. THE SHARPLY CURVED ONES DO NOT RETURN. 2. TRUE. HE WAS APPOINTED REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE LONDON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1807. 3. TRUE. 4. FALSE. SALMON P. CHASE IS TRUE.

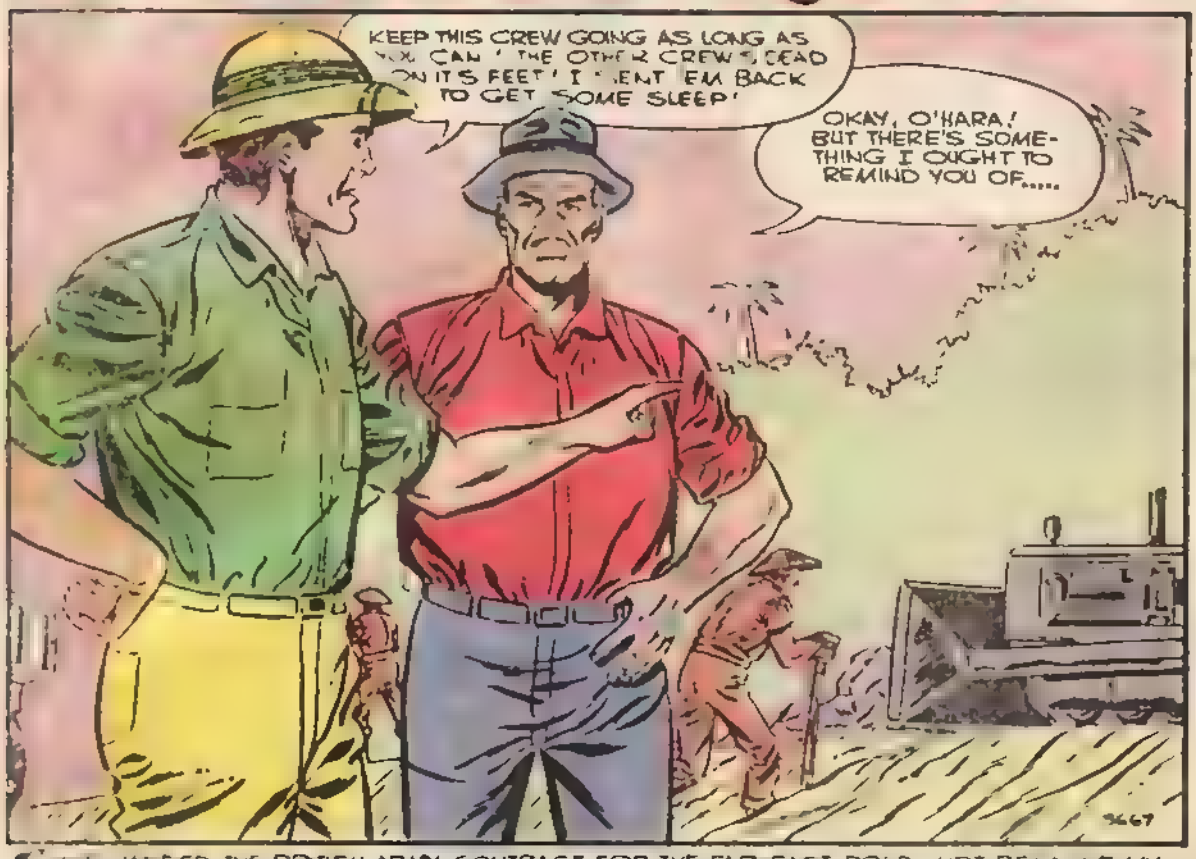
I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE JUNGLES FOR HUNTER JIM CHALMERS, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND HIM! I'M GOING TO ASK THOSE CANNIBALS IF THEY'VE SEEN HIM!



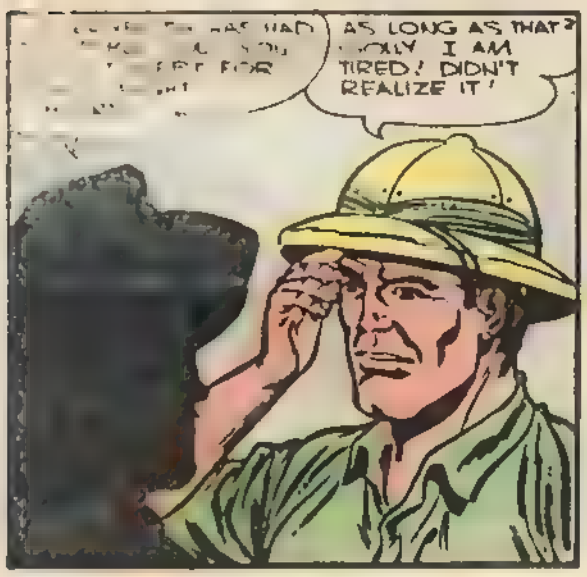




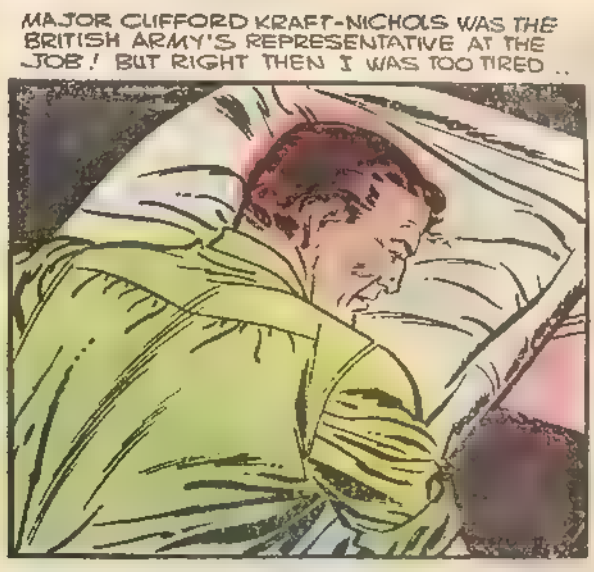
JUNGLE ROAD

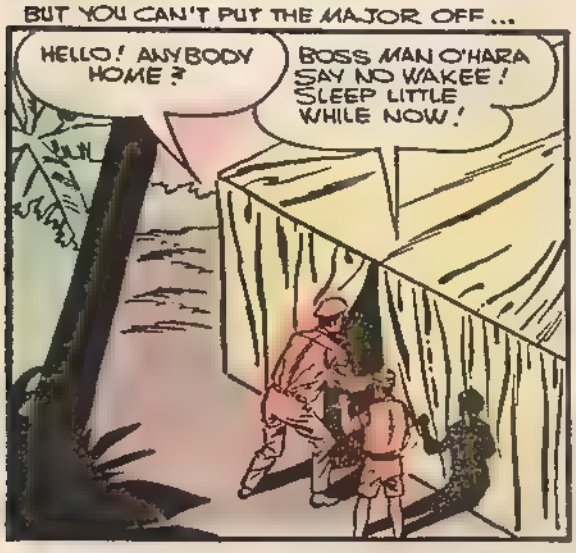

KEEP THIS CREW GOING AS LONG AS YOU CAN ! THE OTHER CREW'S DEAD ON IT'S FEET ! I SENT 'EM BACK TO GET SOME SLEEP !
OKAY, O'HARA ! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I OUGHT TO REMIND YOU OF.....

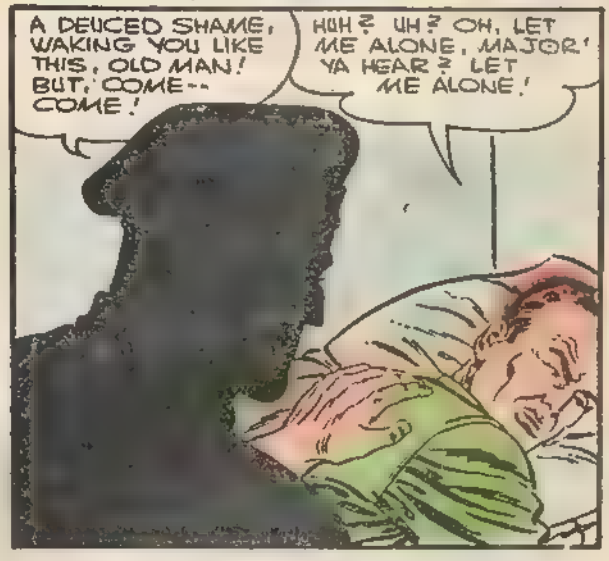
I WAS HARDED THE BRITISH ARMY CONTRACT FOR THE FAR EAST ROAD NOT BECAUSE MY BID WAS THE CHEAPEST BUT BECAUSE I COULD BUILD SOLID ROADS THAT WOULDN'T WASH OUT IN THE MONSOON STORMS ! NEVERTHELESS I ALL BUT FLUNKED THE NIGHT MAJOR GOT UNDER MY SKIN !

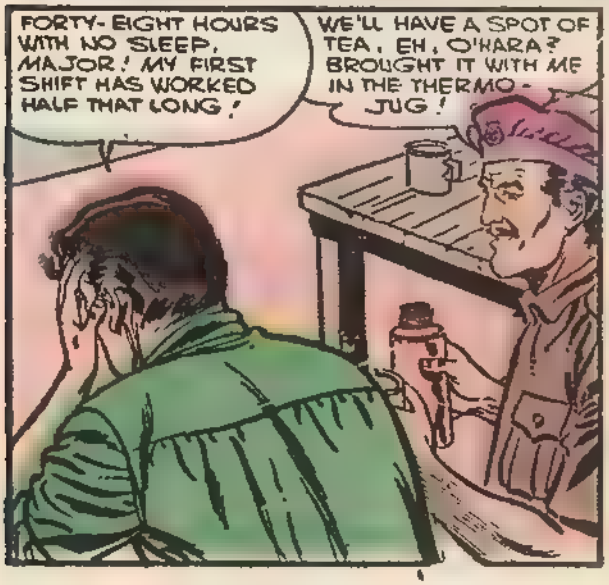


RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



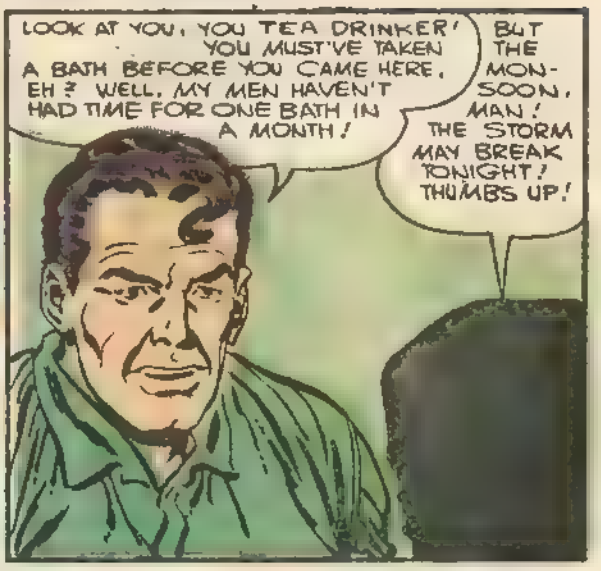


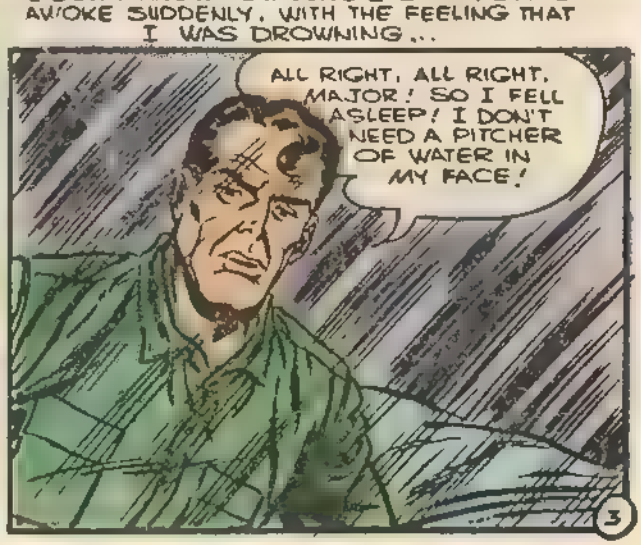



FORTY-EIGHT HOURS WITH NO SLEEP, MAJOR! MY FIRST SHIFT HAS WORKED HALF THAT LONG!
WE'LL HAVE A SPOT OF TEA, EH, O'HARA? BROUGHT IT WITH ME IN THE THERMO-JUG!

OKAY, MAJOR! YOU DIDN'T WAKE ME JUST TO DRINK TEA WITH YOU! WHAT'S UP?
WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE MEN OUT--ALL OF THEM! THERE'S A SIGHT OF WORK TO BE DONE AT THE RIVER!

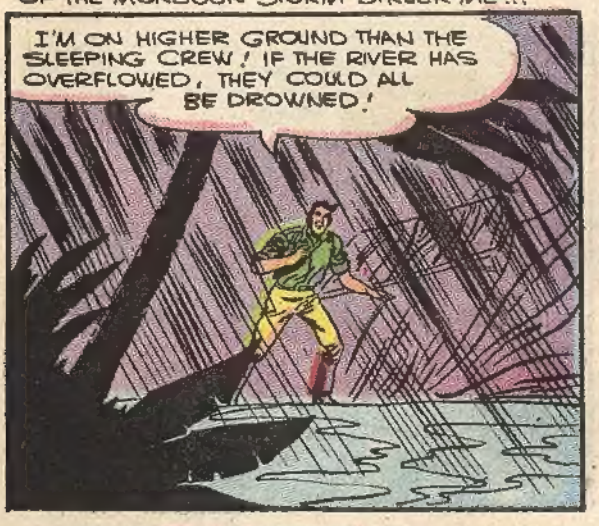
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE


LOOK AT YOU, YOU TEA DRINKER! YOU MUST'VE TAKEN A BATH BEFORE YOU CAME HERE, EH? WELL, MY MEN HAVEN'T HAD TIME FOR ONE BATH IN A MONTH!
BUT THE MON-SOON, MAN! THE STORM MAY BREAK TONIGHT! THUMBS UP!


I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I SLEPT, BUT I AWOKE SUDDENLY, WITH THE FEELING THAT I WAS DROWNING...
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, MAJOR! SO I FELL ASLEEP! I DON'T NEED A PITCHER OF WATER IN MY FACE!

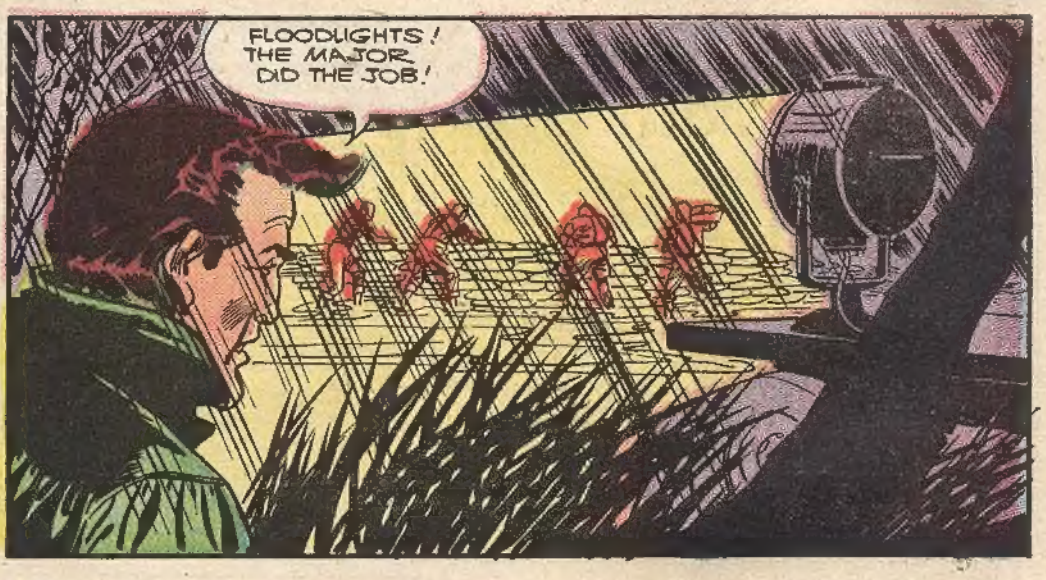
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

BUT IT WAS NOT THE MAJOR! THE FULL FURY OF THE MONSOON STORM STRUCK ME...

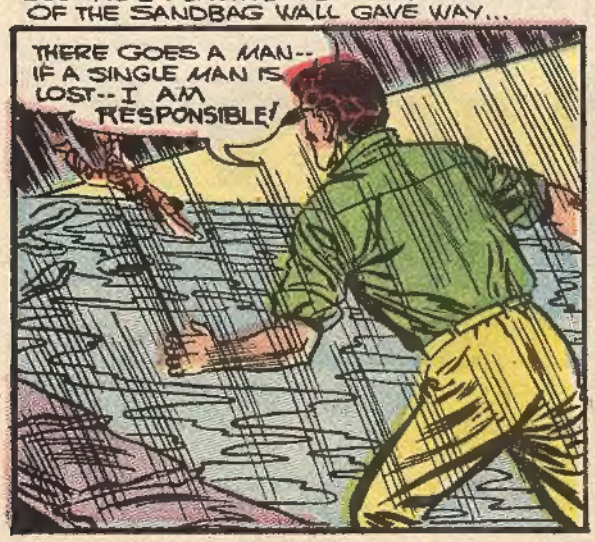


I BEGAN THE TEDIOUS TASK OF MAKING MY WAY AGAINST THE STORM! A THOUSAND FEARS RACED THROUGH MY MIND! THE ROAD COULD BE RUINED... THE MEN COULD BE DROWNED...

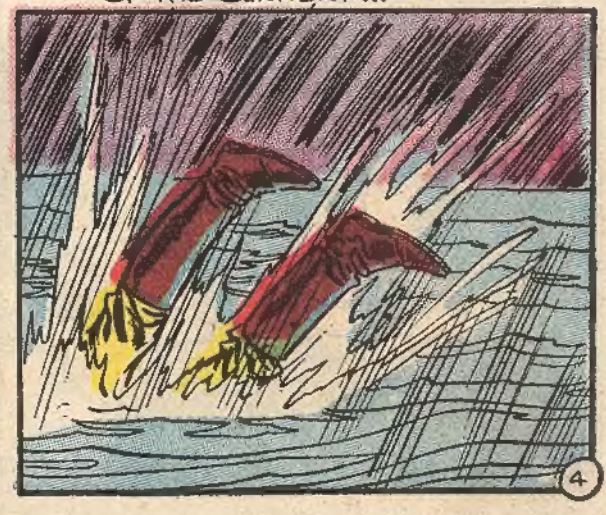
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK TO TRAVEL THE DISTANCE TO THE RIVER, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE ALL NIGHT LONG! BUT AT LAST, I SIGHTED...



JUST AS I REACHED THE RIVER ONE PART OF THE SANDBAG WALL GAVE WAY...



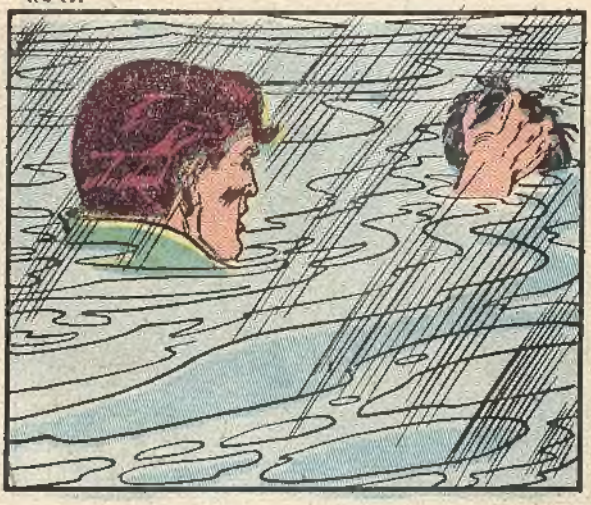
I DIVED IN--EVEN AS I STRUCK THE WATER, I COULD FEEL THE AWFULL PULL OF THE CURRENT...



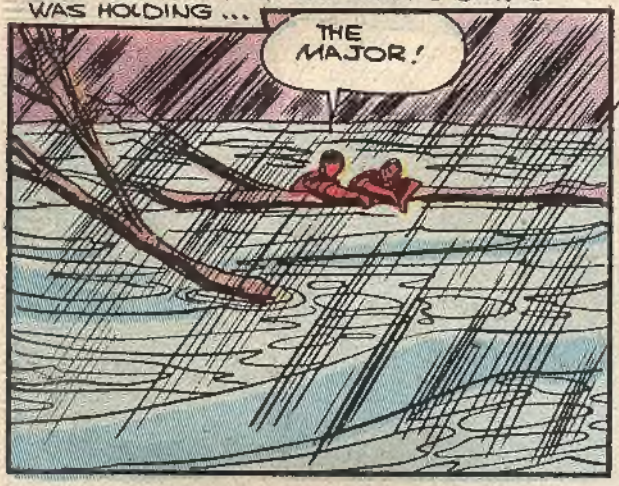
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

I SWAM WITH THE CURRENT, USING ALL MY STRENGTH, FOR THERE WAS A HEAD BOBBING IN THE LIGHT OF THE FLOOD-LAMPS...

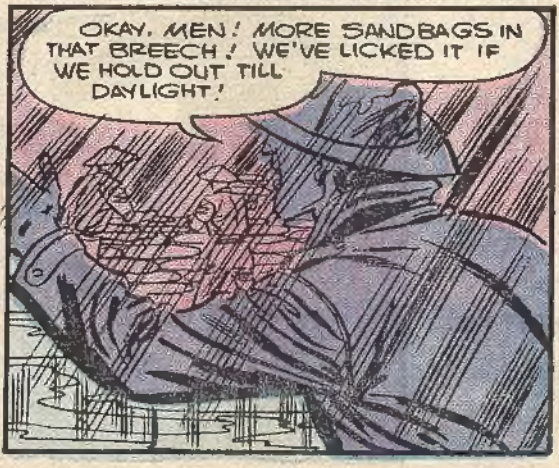
I REACHED MY MAN JUST AS THE SHADOWS OF BLACKNESS WERE CLOSING IN...



I EDGED TOWARD THE BANK! I GRASPED A SAPLING AS WE SHOT PAST AND CLUNG DESPERATELY! IT WAS THEN I SAW I WAS HOLDING...



I SOMEHOW GOT TO SHORE AND TOOK THE MAJOR TO HIS HOUSE AND INTO THE CARE OF HIS SERVANTS! THEN I WENT BACK TO THE RIVER EDGE...



I WALKED WEARILY BACK FROM THE RIVER THE NEXT MORNING! I FOUND THE MAJOR INSPECTING THE ROADBED...

I'M TOLD YOU SAVED MY LIFE, O'HARA! I'M FOREVER GRATEFUL!
AND I OWE YOU THANKS AND AN APOLOGY, MAJOR! YOU SAVED THINGS FOR ME LAST NIGHT!

BY THE WAY, O'HARA, I COULDN'T FIND A SINGLE BREECH IN THE ROADWAY! I DOUBT THAT IF THE RIVER HAD REACHED IT, IT WOULD HAVE MOVED A SINGLE STONE! GOOD WORK, MAN!

IF NOTHING ELSE CAME OUT OF THAT NIGHT, MUTUAL RESPECT BETWEEN ME AND THE MAJOR RESULTED! I KNEW I HAD MET A MAN, IN SPITE OF ALL HIS TEA DRINKING! AS FOR THE MAJOR--HE KNEW HE HAD THE BEST DARNED ROADBUILDER IN THE WORLD WORKING ON HIS JOB!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

TRADER TOM
THE SEAT OF THE TRUTH
HEY, BLAKELY! COME OVER HERE! I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL BARGAIN FOR YOU!
REALLY! WHAT IS IT, TRADER TOM?
I'LL SELL YOU THIS PEDIGREED DOG FOR ONLY FIVE DOLLARS!
NO, THANKS! I DON'T WANT A DOG AT THE PRESENT TIME!
AW, C'MON, BLAKELY! I'LL LET YOU HAVE HIM FOR TWO DOLLARS!
NO, I'M NOT INTERESTED, TRADER TOM!
HERE, HE'S YOURS--FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR!
BUT I DON'T WANT A DOG!
PLEASE! YOU CAN HAVE HIM FOR NOTHING!
HUH! BUT WHY ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF HIM?
THIS IS WHY!
!!!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE